

A SECOND SET of  
**HINDOO AIRS**  
 with English Words  
 adapted to them  
 by *M<sup>rs</sup>. C. Pic.*  
 AND HARMONIZED, FOR  
*One, Two, Three, and Four Voices.*  
 (or for a Single Voice)  
 with an ACCOMPANIMENT for the  
**PIANO FORTE**  
 or  
*Soprano*  
 by  
**M<sup>r</sup>. BIGGS.**  
 Embellished with *Decorations*  
 LONDON  
 Printed by R. Bland at his Musical Printing Office, 10, Strand.  
 Where also is sold the first Set of Hindoo Airs. To wit  
 and the whole are harmonized in the same manner, with English Words  
 adapted to them, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte or Organ. B. 78

18736

Pis. V. S. 1353

## THE GHUT.

*Stella! thou false one,*

## Air I.

Andante

Soprano 1<sup>re</sup> *Stella! thou false one, for e - ver a - dia, no*

Soprano 2<sup>de</sup> *Stella! thou false one, for e - ver a - dia, no*

Tenore *Stella! thou false one, for e - ver a - dia, no*

Basso *Stella! thou false one, for e - ver a - dia, no*

Piano Forte

Andante

*longer thy captive for mer - cy I'll sue*

*longer thy captive for mer - cy I'll sue*

*longer thy captive for mer - cy I'll sue*

*longer thy captive for mer - cy I'll sue*

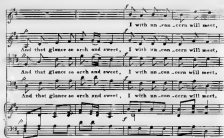
*And.* *Al. R.* *Who is the one of the chosen, being generous of the same story, the place has judged to repeat in depth from the original location, of gathering a set of notes of "Stella! thou false one" the whole of the melody before it is the result to confirm the same form - song from, from the music of the melody.*

## Allegro

I'll for artless beauties sigh, and Coquettes like thee, I'll fly,  
 I'll for artless beauties sigh, and Coquettes like thee, I'll fly,  
 I'll for artless beauties sigh, and Coquettes like thee, I'll fly,  
 I'll for artless beauties sigh, and Coquettes like thee, I'll fly,

## Allegro

I'll that voice ad-mire no more, nor that matchless form a-dore,  
 I'll that voice ad-mire no more, nor that matchless form a-dore,  
 I'll that voice ad-mire no more, nor that matchless form a-dore,  
 I'll that voice ad-mire no more, nor that matchless form a-dore,



I with an *eye* - *earn* will meet,  
 And that glance so arch and sweet, I with an *eye* - *earn* will meet,  
 And that glance so arch and sweet, I with an *eye* - *earn* will meet,  
 And that glance so arch and sweet, I with an *eye* - *earn* will meet,



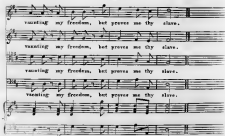
Shall my cheek with blushes glow  
 Teach me and no longer now, Shall my cheek with blushes glow  
 Teach me and no longer now, Shall my cheek with blushes glow  
 Teach me and no longer now, Shall my cheek with blushes glow

## Andante



Stella! O chide not, thy pardon I crave, my  
 Stella! O chide not, thy pardon I crave, my  
 Stella! O chide not, thy pardon I crave, my  
 Stella! O chide not, thy pardon I crave, my

Andante



wanting my freedom, but proves me thy slave.  
 wanting my freedom, but proves me thy slave.  
 wanting my freedom, but proves me thy slave.  
 wanting my freedom, but proves me thy slave.

## REKH TAI.

Bengal. *Laura, I for Barbara.* Duple 8.  
Air II.

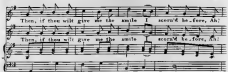
Andantino

Soprano *ff*  
Laura, I for Barbara, disdair'd thy yielding charms, and  
Soprano *ff*  
Laura, I for Barbara, disdair'd thy yielding charms, and  
Piano Forte  
or  
Harp

Andantino

now I share his pleasures, with war's mate Florence a Laura.  
now I share his pleasures, with war's mate Florence a Laura.  
The

But the clinking glasses and martial sounds sur-round me  
But the clinking glasses and martial sounds sur-round me



## 2

I the foaming goblet,  
 No more shall wish to thy;  
 If I may taste the nectar,  
 That dwells on Laura's lip.  
 Muted sounds let others  
 Love blast than I admiring  
 So I hear my Laura  
 The breath of love respiring  
 Nor need Laura doubt me,  
 Experience bids me wait;  
 The joys the heart most prizes  
 O Love! are thine alone.

## A HINDUSTANI GIRL'S SONG.

*'Tis thy will, and I must leave thee.*

ADAPTED by M<sup>r</sup> BIGGS.

## Air III

*Ex. 100, 110, 111.*

*Revised for R. Purdell Esq. 113, New Bond Street.*

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Can Expressions

Voice

*'Tis thy will, and I must leave thee, O then best be so'd farewell!*

Harp

or  
Piano Forte

*I farewell best I should grieve thee, half my heart's still pangs to tell.*

N.B.— The Words of this Air are, in the Hindoo tongue, among the Hindoos, and is said to have originated very lately from the following circumstances:

An Englishman, previous to his departure for England, being desirous of spending on his friends, as his last wish, who had lived the same years in the country, and who he then, in a pleasant, some days journey up the Ganges. The next day morning he attended to his friends, and was so affected in parting with them, that, according to the custom of the houses of the Hindoos, he could not be prevailed on, to receive any presents during the journey, and was incessantly crying out in his Hindoo style, as he was able to translate, much expense of his countrymen, which he then, as continued by M<sup>r</sup> Biggs.





## 2

Well I know thou happy beauty,  
Soon thy sacred hands will charm;  
But will thee by serious duty,  
Prove a passion warm as mine.  
If to rule be her ambition,  
And her own desires pursue;  
Then't recall my fond submission,  
And regret thy poor HINDOO!

## 3

Soon perhaps to rank and splendour,  
Will she deign to wait on thee;  
And those soft attention render,  
Then to oft least proud be me.  
Yet, why dost her eyes to please thee,  
Thou must every heart seduce;  
I am sure each nymph that sees thee,  
Loves thee, like thy poor HINDOO!

## 4

No — ah! — no! — for from thee parted,  
Other nymphs would prove vain;  
But thy L.O.L.A., broken hearted,  
N'er, O n'er will smile again!  
O! how fast, from thee they hear me,  
Faster still, ah! death pursue.  
But 'tis well — death will release me,  
And then't mourn the poor HINDOO!

## REKHTAH.

Mohn bekhoosh nuwa bego. —

Chaman.

*Do not ask whence springs my sadness.*

## Air IV.

*Andante*

Soprano 1<sup>mo</sup> *Do not ask whence springs my sadness, but let me still the*

Soprano 2<sup>da</sup> *Do not ask whence springs my sadness, but let me still the*

Basso *Do not ask whence springs my sadness, but let me still the*

Piano Forte

*Andante*

*secret keep. Nor ask why I in restless madness, pass the long hours once*

*secret keep. Nor ask why I in restless madness, pass the long hours once*

*secret keep. Nor ask why I in restless madness, pass the long hours once*

spent in sleep, Nor hid my looks the tale ex-plain,  
 spent in sleep, Nor hid my looks the tale ex-plain,  
 spent in sleep, Nor hid my looks the tale ex-plain,

nor words nor looks must tell my pain, For that which makes me  
 nor words nor looks must tell my pain, For that which makes me  
 nor words nor looks must tell my pain, For that which makes me

none for-lost, If known, would equally mark thy scorn,  
 none for-lost, If known, would equally mark thy scorn,  
 none for-lost, If known, would equally mark thy scorn,



and ah! if told, those tort'ring tears that fill my languid eyes with tears,  
and ah! if told, those tort'ring fear, that fill my languid eyes with tears,  
and ah! if told, those tort'ring fear that fill my languid eyes with tears,  
would make with anger's lightning shine those low soft smiling eyes of thine,  
would make with anger's lightning shine those low soft smiling eyes of thine,  
would make with anger's lightning shine those low soft smiling eyes of thine.

## 2

But ah! when, I ne more behold thee,  
And to distant scenes remove;  
Should a'er a mournful tale be told thee,  
Of a Youth undone by love.  
When thou'rt unknown to seek, and gone,  
I ne'd no advice a high born dame;  
But who e'er to wound her pride,  
And silence kept, and proud,—and dumb  
If memory then recall those sighs,  
And fancy paint those languid eyes,  
My likeness in that youth thou'lt see,  
And pitying him, wilt pity me.

## R E K H T A H.

E3

Soon're mashookan! be wufa!

CHORUS.

*Only are my accents so broken & weak.*

## Air V.

Larghetto Amoreoso

Voice

Violoncello  
or  
Harp

Larghetto Amoreoso

I why are my accents so broken and weak, what

means this emotion that flashes my cheek, when I meet with Della I

reveal! all within is this challenge, whose symptoms are strong! spring they from

Love! You they're signs of passion, and Love's despotic reign, and



every new sen-sa-tion, he traps my ten-der pain



His Love prompts the anguish which forces the tear, when pain's af-fair



Another from De-lu-sion I leap, and dare not, his merit disprove, yet



Dead, anxious fears, sighs, blindness and tears you I love.



I'll leave no sighs but these, caus'd by the bluck of heav - ty,

and when we gaze on heav - ty's race, its sigh is do - ty.

Fill the bowl then fill it high - er, and all care do - fy - ing,



17

Repeat in Chorus

save the sigh of soft de-sire, Here's farewell to sighing.

Repeat in Chorus

Hence hence the pale cheek, the wrinkled brow, come ye whence

cheeks with crimson glow, let Ma-mie wake the quivering



string, let On - gel wave his downy wing; and give us  
 string, let On - gel wave his downy wing; and give us  
 string, let On - gel wave his downy wing; and give us



kind in - dul - gent boy, none of his grief, none of his  
 kind in - dul - gent boy, none of his grief, none of his  
 kind in - dul - gent boy, none of his grief, none of his



grief, none of his grief, but all his joy. In Credo  
 grief, none of his grief, but all his joy. In Credo  
 grief, none of his grief, but all his joy. In Credo

